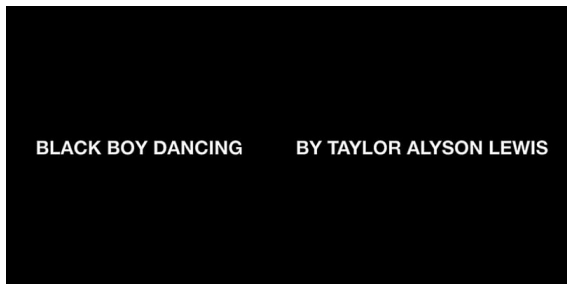


## Black Boy Dancing by Taylor Alyson Lewis

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*Click Here to watch Taylor Alyson Lewis recite  
"Black Boy Dancing"*

His body moved too fast for my two eyes;  
Portraying a sensuality that was almost  
Uncomfortable. Embodying a masculine  
Energy that became  
Unpalatable. Too damn strong-  
Like a heady cologne floating underneath  
the wooden door of your mama's bedroom-  
when you know your daddy not coming home.  
Black, long, beautiful, and glowing.  
His arms were vines and they wrapped around  
Her as if they had loved all of his life, and ours, the audience.  
This brand new life underneath stalactites of salt and strobe lights.

Nobody asked how they would build.

Their bodies were the deep Black of skin underneath  
Stars-- a cry for recognition bathed in blue moonlight.  
He danced like he knew me, like he knew all of us.  
He danced as if to stop the world from turning.

When the world finally stopped,  
His body undulated against his white shirt,  
against the cardboard and plank stage,  
against me.  
And still he maintained the lines of his arms and his legs,  
Still he moved to music that awoke restlessness in me.  
Still he stared at me as if to say:  
So the hell what? You know I'm beautiful.